



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1908

Speechless for a moment. "Do you not believe what I say?" she added.

"Senorita Lopez," she finally managed to say, clumsily, "must recognize right and justice, and—"

"I should have acted quite as quickly, quite as determinedly as Senorita Lopez acted," she broke in, and there was a strange ring to her voice. He tried to laugh, but her steady, unswerving gaze checked him; he tried to switch to another phase of the general subject, but her mind kept in the old channel doggedly. "My captain does not believe that I should have sacrificed as she sacrificed," she went on, in a tone of injury.

"Such candor, Senorita Lopez," said he, "cannot be doubted."

There was a strange light in her eyes as she turned them to the sea, and he was becoming more and more uncomfortable. To him she was a revelation, the most remarkable girl he had ever met; never before had he seen such frankness, such openness displayed under similar circumstances. He was familiar enough with Spanish blood to make his allowances, but he could not bring himself to understand this daughter of a Creole.

"How long will you be in Havana?" she asked, after a long, thoughtful silence.

"Only a short time—maybe not more than a few hours," he answered.

"My father has been called to the City of Mexico," she said, "and I am going with him. From there we shall make a tour of the United States. We shall spend two weeks in Havana. Can you not come to Mexico?"

This completely stunned Jerry. "Why," said he, "I intend to leave Havana almost immediately for Vera Cruz, from where I shall move on to the capital."

"Leave Havana immediately!" she exclaimed. "Then, we may conclude to leave on the same vessel. How glorious!"

Jerry Chambers was one of the most unassuming men in the world, but so persistently did Senorita Mercedes force herself upon him that at last he was compelled to believe that she had become desperately infatuated with him. He felt that the infatuation was very shallow—an emotion of a girl whose nature had for its foundation, superstition and all a romantic spirit. He thought her startling candor could be traced to a father's stern and rigid watchfulness. In fact, she was as much as he had told him that she was constantly under her father's eye and that she was fast tiring of it.

On the afternoon of the following day a very strong eastern wind came up and set the old Pranzas to dancing restlessly. By dusk there came distant rumblings of thunder and faint flashes of heat lightning. The waves rolled higher as the storm-laden wind increased into the fierceness of a gale, and by midnight the heavens were booming constantly directly above.

The long table in the dining saloon had been prepared for the supper of honor, but much of the spirit of the occasion was lost in the fear that had become almost panic in the heart of every passenger. Although appreciating the peril quite as keenly as the others, Jerry was composed, and his apparent unconcern served as an inspiration to many of the men. At last the 30 or more women became panic-stricken, some falling into the throes of ungovernable hysteria. The men were helpless to curb their fear and excitement. Jerry struggled to the captain of the vessel and put this:

"Are we in great danger? Be frank with me."

"We are," answered the officer, "although she is holding her own as well as any similar boat could under the conditions. This is the worst storm I have ever seen in all my life on the water. If we can keep away from the rocks—and they are plentiful along the coast—she may weather it out all right. At present my whole mind is on escaping two massive rocks, about 30 or 40 feet apart, known as the 'silent sentinels.' Each stands 50 feet out of the water. We cannot be far from them."

"How far are we now from shore?"

"The wind has blown us to within ten miles of it. We are going in nearer every minute," and the captain's face became very grave.

"How far are the 'silent sentinels' from shore?"

"About four miles."

"Good God, captain," exclaimed Jerry, "if we strike them?"

"There'll be hell to pay, sir!" roared the officer. "The women must be kept quiet; they upset my men completely."

For a moment Jerry seemed paralyzed. Finally recovering his wits, he laboriously picked his way back to the dining saloon, where the white-faced passengers were huddled in plunging, reeling groups. His face wore an expression of complacency as he tumbled into their presence.

"Be calm," Jerry urged. "The captain requests that the supper be delayed no longer. The cooks are very impatient and they fear that if the coffee stands much longer it will lose all its strength."

Jerry's purpose in getting the passengers to the table was to make possible a more systematic retreat to deck in case the vessel reached the rocks. The terrible tossing of the old craft had made many of the passengers care little whether they ever saw land again. The fear and excitement had kept many from getting sick. With the exception of but three or four of the women and two of the men, all took seats at the table, though few doubted that they could take a mouthful to eat. Senor Lopez escorted Jerry to the seat of honor, both struggling and plunging into the wall as they picked their way together.



"Senorita Bostoe Must Have Loved You, My Captain."

Senor Lopez acted as master of ceremonies, Jerry taking the seat at his right, Senorita Mercedes, pale but staunch, having the one at his left. When the merchant struggled to his feet to announce formally the purpose of the supper, it seemed to Jerry, who had been infinitely more interested in the storm and the fate of the Pranzas than in the honor being shown him, that the old vessel was plunging and twisting and groaning more furiously than at any time before. He did not believe she could stand the terrific strain much longer.

"Uranians let no such thing as a storm at sea deter them from showing honor to whom honor is due," began Senor Lopez, smiling weakly, but his enthusiasm was hopelessly at low ebb. "Capt. Chambers deserves every consideration that we, as Uranians, can show him. He possesses every quality that contributes to the greatness of a man, and his achievements in our beloved land will shine out for ever."

Crash! The tumbling, twisting, creaking Pranzas had reached the 'silent sentinels!'

CHAPTER XV.

Senorita Mercedes Lopez.

When the Pranzas thundered against the 'silent sentinels' every one at the supper of honor was thrown to the floor, many being pitched headlong over the table. Senor Lopez, the only one standing, was hurled against the wall and rendered unconscious, and Jerry Chambers awoke from a moment's insensibility to find himself at the bottom of a heap of four or five persons. On all sides lay the stunned passengers, a few just beginning to realize what had happened. The littered floor was at an angle of almost 45 degrees, the vessel having been driven between the rocks and pitched to a position from which the continued fury and force of the elements could not dislodge her. A great hole had been torn in one of her sides, and the angry waves were fairly ripping off the timbers.

Many of the crew had been swept from the deck and pounded to death on the rocks, and only a few of those remaining were sufficiently possessed of their faculties to attempt the salvation of passengers and themselves.

While Jerry Chambers, bruised and battered, was trying to extricate himself the captain of the vessel dashed through the saloon commanding every one to go on deck, where he purposed putting as many as possible into the few remaining boats and setting them out at the mercy of the night. Jerry by this time was on his unsteady feet, and he plunged towards the narrow stairway leading to the deck. Before he had scrambled up half a dozen steps he heard a shriek behind him. He turned and saw Senorita Mercedes on her knees at the first step.

"Save father!" she screamed. "He is not dead! Save him!"

Jerry never knew why he returned to the saloon, for his swimming mind was intent only on getting to the deck himself. When he reached the base of the staircase the young woman staggered to her feet and threw her arms around his neck.

"Save father! Save father!" she cried, as Jerry tried to tear himself away from her.

"Where is he?" shouted he. "We cannot wait! We shall all be dead! We must save ourselves!"

"Try to save father!"

Jerry stared at her for an instant and then pitched forward, rolling to within a foot of the girl's father. Senor Lopez was showing signs of regaining consciousness, and Jerry picked him up, stumbling, pitching, plunging, dragged him to the stairway. Just as he reached the first step his arms lost their strength and the body of the old merchant fell to the floor and rolled to the side of the ship. Jerry's brain was whirling and his eyes scarcely saw the flashes of lightning that illumined the stairway. He began to reel and was about to fall when Senorita Mercedes caught him and managed to place him on the steps. Almost instantly Jerry's senses returned, and the first words he heard were:

"We—you and I—shall go together!"

In a flash of lightning he saw the face of the girl—a face that displayed none of the terror that was in his. "Come!"

A few minutes later the two were at the top of the stairs, he holding with a deathlike grip to a part of the remaining rail and she clinging to his arm. After a great wave had broken over them, she cried out:

"We shall go together—to the mast—first!"

An instant later, she succeeded in tearing Jerry's hands from the rail, and together they pitched towards the mast; which Jerry barely reached just as another wave swept over the deck. Senorita Mercedes was carried on the way to a part of the unbroken rail on the vessel's side. Jerry thought she had been swept into the sea until he heard dimly above the deafening roar:

"We shall go together—you and I!"

Jerry, after long tugging, managed to take a coil of rope from the trem-

bling mast, and, with an end in his hands, he threw it towards her. He thought little of his aim, but his throw could not have been more accurate, the tangled rope striking her body squarely.

In a few minutes, after almost exhausting himself in the effort, he succeeded in hauling her back to the mast.

"You have done more for me than you ever did for Senorita Bostoe!" the girl cried, as she strengthened her grip on his tired arm.

The remark so startled Jerry that for an instant he almost forgot the awful situation.

The two clung to the mast for hours, both half-drowned and thoroughly exhausted. The remaining part of the old ship had gradually been pounded and hammered to a position behind the eastern rock, where the force of the wind and water was considerably broken, and it was only then that they dared venture away from the mast. While they clung to that mast the constant battering against the rocks had torn a gaping hole just below the water line on the higher side, and the life of every one in the saloon was lost in a swirling flood of water. Of all on board there remained alive not more than 25, all of whom managed to reach the deck. Only seven of the crew, including the captain, survived.

All that was left of the Pranzas when the first tint of dawn came, and when the storm had spent itself, was anchored high on the western rock. Those who could wield a hand secured the anchor chains and hawsers and made fast the wreckage to parts of the ragged rock.

Senorita Mercedes was fatherless, and she was the only woman to escape death. And to the surprise of all, she was the calmest person in the little terror-stricken group. At times she feared, and once, to the horror of all, she started to sing a catchy Spanish song.

"For God's sake!" cried the dumbfounded Jerry, to whom the girl always clung, "what kind of a woman are you, anyway? Have you no sense of danger? Have you no fear?"

"No," she said, in a tone that chilled him; "I thought the storm would do what I had intended doing myself."

"What—what?"

"Kill!"

"God?"

"I was tired—tired of all, my captain—tired of life, tired of father, tired—"

"You pleaded with me to save your father," cried Jerry; "you held me back—and—"

"Yes, yes, yes," she interrupted, with a fiendish laugh—"for him to see me dead, for him to know that I had kept my vow to— And you were going with me!"

"Good heaven, she's crazy!" Jerry cried to the captain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

unwilling Courtesies.

Barber—Your head is sadly in need of a shampoo, sir.

Tailor (in the chair)—Yes, and your clothes are decidedly sooty, but I don't nag you about it.—Royal Magazine.

In the Morning.

Where lives the man with soul so dead Who to himself has never said: "Confound that loud alarm clock's clatter! I set the thing, but that's no matter!"

FIDO FIRST.

Hubby—Pray do not misunderstand me, Jeannette, all I ask is that you should kiss me before and not after you have kissed the dog.

Wife—But Leopold, don't you think that the dog may have his preference, too?

Reversed.

"Be mine! Be mine!" the man implored. The maiden tossed her head; "I'll marry you, if that you mean, But you'll be mine," she said. —Detroit Free Press.

His Finest Act.

"How was your speech received at the club?"

Class—No; he thought it was India. Teacher—Correct. Why did he think he had found India?

Bright Boy—I s'pose it was 'cause the inhabitants was Indians.—New York Weekly.

Columbus' Mistake.

Teacher—Did Columbus know that he discovered a new continent?

Class—No; he thought it was India. Teacher—Correct. Why did he think he had found India?

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The Rich Culpit.

"I am sorry to inconvenience you," said the policeman, "but your machine was going 40 miles an hour."

"Don't apologize," replied Mr. Gilt-edge. "Always do your duty. John, go along with the officer and be fined."—Half-Holiday.

Considerate.

The Cabman—Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab.

Mrs. Oatcake (as she gets in)—No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.—Half-Holiday.

Joy and Sorrow.

I'll not confer with Sorrow Till to-morrow; But Joy shall have her way This very day.

Ho, elegantine and cresses For her tresses! Let Care, the beggar, wait Outside the gate.

Tears if you will—but after Mirth and laughter; Then, folded hands on breast And endless rest.

Almost Brilliant.

"Has Maud a light part in that new play?"

"I believe so. She comes on the stage in the last act with a candle."—Baltimore American.

Appropriate End.

"What do you think the fashion critics ought to do about the sheath skirt?"

"Knife it."—Baltimore American.

CURRENT VERSE.

Nature's Hired Man.

Diggin' in the earth, Helpin' things to grow, Foolin' with a rake, Flirtin' with a hoe,

Waterin' the plants, Pullin' up the weeds, Gatherin' the stones, Puttin' in the seeds,

On your face an' hands Fillin' up a tan; That's the job for me— Nature's hired man.

Wages best of all, Better far than wealth, Paid in good fresh air, And a lot of health.

Never any chance Of your gettin' fired, And when you come on Knowin' why you're tired.

Nature's hired man— That's the job for me, With the birds and flowers For society.

Let the other feller For the dollar scratch— I am quite contented In the garden patch! —John Kendrick Bangs.

The Discoverer.

When first I thought to kiss her—say, Which way would be the smoothest way, An' bide a chance, by thunder!

I'd plan: To-night I'll do it, shore; I'll up an' kiss Louisa— The minute I'm inside the door— Jes' love-like an' breezy.

Then—"No," I'd think: "I'll wait a bit, An' do it at a pucker." Yet when she'd dimple there I'd sit Like any downright nucker!

An' think: "I'll do it at good-night," An' simply keep on talkin'; But at the threshold out I'd light— An' kick myself for bakin'!

Till, sirs, I'd done it! Slick as pie! We two stood there together: I hadn't planned for this time—I was thinkin' of the weather!

When sudden—gosh! Well, anyhow, 'Twixt nothin' that she hated; An' went so natural that I said: I'm mad becuz I waited.

Send Them to Bed with a Kiss. Oh, mothers, so weary, discouraged, Worn out with the cares of the day, You often grow cross and impatient, Complain of the noise and the play; For the day brings so many vexations, So many things going amiss; But, mothers, whatever may vex you, Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often, Perhaps from the pathway of right; The dear little hands find new mischief, To try you from morning till night; But think of the desolate mothers, And, as the little feet wander, Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you, The silence will hurt you far more; You will long for the sweet, childish voices, For a sweet, childish face at the door, And to press a child's face to your bosom, You'd give all the world for just this; For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow, Send the children to bed with a kiss! —New Orleans Picayune.

Fagots. Hope dwells within the heart, A vestal veiled in white, That when our joys depart, Alone, renews her light.

Yes, he who sings should be content On the rocks, and only a few of those remaining were sufficiently possessed of their faculties to attempt the salvation of passengers and themselves.

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THE FLIGHT.

"Come fly with me!" the young man said, "Not in the crude old-fashioned way. My airplane waits overhead And frets the bonds that bid it stay. 'Tis but a pleasure jaunt I ask, You'll try with me. This is no life-long journey's task— Come! Fly with me!"

"The fervid phrase of other days Has given way to simple fact; No more poetic fancy plays— Our speech is simple and exact. I don't request you'll live life through And die with me; I merely am inviting you To fly with me!" —Washington Star.

FRAGRANT BERMUDA.

Church—The air of Bermuda is laden with fragrance because the automobile is not allowed there. Gotham—But, how about those Bermuda onions?—Yonkers Statesman.

DEEP SEA GOSSIP.

First Mermaid—What was the excitement about at the bottom awhile ago?

Second Mermaid—Why, haven't you heard? The swordfish and the sawfish fought a duel over the hand of Miss Octopus, and now they'll have to send for a scissors grinder to fix them up.

Never Gets Less.

All millinery fashions change Each season more than twice; The only constant thing at all About them is the price. —Detroit Free Press.

Sarcasm.

The Rev. Mr. Goodman paused a moment in his discourse. "There are five or six persons in the congregation, if I mistake not," he said, mildly, "who did not turn their heads when the door opened just now. For their benefit I will state that the sexton has just come in for the purpose of attending to the ventilation. He is attired in plain black, and wears a patch over one eye. I remark, fourthly, that this clause in the text," etc.—Royal Magazine.

One Good Turn, Etc.

Dying Millionaire—I have been much in litigation, always successful, too, and I feel that I owe everything to the lawyers. I want them to have all my property. Attorney—Ah! You wish me to make a will, then bequeathing— Dying Millionaire—Cutting off all my relations, and bequeathing the money to charitable institutions.—New York Weekly.

Barbaric Simplicity.

"You know," said the man who stores his mind with quaint and curious facts, "that the savages have a way of getting fire by rubbing two sticks together."

"What a very tiresome method!"

"Yes, And yet, it must be a heap quicker and handier than fooling with a box of safety matches on a damp day."—Washington Star.

The First Step.

"So you have a plan for making diamonds?"

"I have," answered the man from Paris.

"And what is the first step in your process?"

"To find some one who has foolish money to invest."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SAVING HIS CONSCIENCE.

Prospective Buyer—Place entirely free from mosquitoes?

Hiram Wayback (thoughtfully)—Yes, if you come around at the right time of year.

Sensible Heiress.

"I'll not wed the count," she said. "His bride I'll never see; His estates fair are in the air, I'd suffer from insomnia there— So it's America for me." —Chicago Daily News.

Definition.

As nearly as can be differentiated, a job is where a man does most of the work and somebody else gets most of the pay, and a position is where a man gets most of the pay and somebody else does most of the work.—Puck.

Theater Properties.

A German newspaper had an advertisement the other day for the sale of the properties of a theater. This postscript was added: "To be sold at the same time, 32 substantial old ghosts, with a very fine new devil—a striking likeness of Bonaparte."

The Hope of It.

"It is true that Jordan is a hard road to travel," said Brother Williams, "but dar's dis consolation: We kin all lay down our burdens on de green banks er de river an' go in swimmin' w'en we gits dar!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Nobility of Labor.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"Blessings seem brightest as they take their flight," quoted the Philosopher of Folly. "I always notice that the father of a family thinks the most of his children at the time when they are being taken upstairs to bed."

Cheap Wit.

"I'm tired of these mother-in-law jokes," declared Bjirks, emphatically. "Who are these cheap humorists who earn dirty money by scribbling such stuff? I want to tell you that my mother-in-law is a saint—a saint, sir."

"Is that so?" said Spinks, sympathetically. "When did the old lady die?"—Cleveland Leader.

Woman Like.

Racon—What's the matter with your wife, to-day? She seems to be in a bad humor.

Erbert—Why, she heard a lot of hens cackling in the next yard this morning, and she's put out because she couldn't understand them!—Yonkers Statesman.

A Study Lamp.

Guest—What kind of a lamp is that?

Host—A study lamp.

Guest—Ah! Called that because it is for the study, presume?

Host—No. Called that because it takes a great deal of study to run it.—New York Weekly.

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